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NATIONAL PARK PICTURES COLLECTED AND EXHIBITED BY THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

The pictures in this collection represent some of the characteristic and striking scenes in the larger national parks. The colored pictures are all photographs that have been colored in oil under the personal direction of the photographers.

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1. MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

Not more than 50 feet from Liberty Cap rise the famous Hot Spring Terraces. They constitute a veritable mountain, covering at least 200 acres, the whole of which has been for centuries growing slowly through the agency of hot water issuing from the boiling springs. This, as it cools, leaves a mineral deposit spread out in delicate thin layers by the soft ripples of the heated flood. Strange, is it not? Everywhere else the flow of water wears away the substance that it touches, but here by its peculiar sediment it builds as surely as the coral insect. Moreover, the coloring of these terraces is, if possible, even more marvelous than their creation, for as the mineral water pulsates over them it forms a great variety of brilliant hues. Hot water, therefore, is to this material what blood is to the body. With it the features glow with warmth and color; without it they are cold and ghostlike. Accordingly, where water ripples over these gigantic steps, towering one above another toward the sky, they look like beautiful cascades of color, and when the liquid has deserted them they stand out like a staircase of Carrara marble. Hence, through the changing centuries they pass in slow succession from light to shade, from brilliancy to pallor, and from life to death. This mineral water is not only a mysterious architect; it is also an artist that no man can equal. Its magic touch has intermingled the finest shades of orange, yellow, purple, red, and brown, sometimes in solid masses, at other places diversified by slender threads like skeins of multicolored silk. Yet in producing all these wonderful effects there is no violence, no uproar. The boiling water passes over the mounds it has produced with the low murmur of a sweet cascade. Its tiny wavelets touch the stonework like a sculptor's fingers, molding the yielding mass into exquisitely graceful forms.—John L. Stoddard, Lectures, vol. 10, p. 224.

2. CASCADES OF THE FIREHOLE RIVER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

3. Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River from Point Lookout, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

All I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf 1,700 feet deep with eagles and fish hawks circling far below. And the sides of that gulf were one wild welter of color—crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port wine, snow-white, vermilion, lemon, and silver-gray in wide washes. The sides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time and water and air into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs, men and women of the old time. So far below that no sound of its strife could reach us, the Yellowstone River ran—a finger-wide strip of jade green. The sunlight took those wondrous walls and gave fresh hues to those that nature had already laid there. Once I saw the dawn break over a lake in Rajputana and the sun set over the Oodey Sagar amid a circle of Holman Hunt hills. This time I was watching both performances going on below me—upside down you understand—and the colors were real. The canyon was burning like Troy town; but it would burn forever, and, thank goodness, neither pen nor brush could ever portray its splendors adequately. * * * Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in that canyon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock—blood-red or pink it was—that overhung the deepest deeps of all. Now I know what it is to sit enthroned amid the clouds of sunset. Giddiness took away all sensation of touch or form, but the sense of blinding color remained. When I reached the mainland again I had sworn that I had been floating.—Rudyard Kipling, American Notes, pp. 171–172.

4. Great Falls of the Yellowstone River, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

We come, at last, to the final glory of the park, the splendid canyon of the Yellowstone. Yellowstone Lake, a deep basin of snow water, 7,721 feet above sea level, debouches at its northern end into the narrow Yellowstone River. Flowing for a dozen miles or more through a wild and rugged country, this turbulent stream comes suddenly to a rocky ledge, over which it leaps 112 feet downward into a resounding gorge. Gathering itself in a huge, swirling pool, foam-flecked, it flows onward a few hundred feet and takes another tremendous leap, this time 311 feet, straight into the awful depths of the Grand Canyon. So great is the fall that most of the water, bending over the brink of the precipice, smooth, oily, and green, is dashed into spray, widening out at the base and drifting against the steep canyon walls, which the constant moisture has clothed with soft green mosses and other minute water growths. Thence it collects in a thousand gleaming rivulets, gathers in brooks and cascades, and gushes back into the river channel. From the summit of the awful precipice above the falls one may trace the stream along the depths of the canyon—seen at this distance a mere hand's breadth of foamy water broken by varied forms of cascades, pools, and rapids, and all of a limpid greenness unmatched elsewhere.

Niagara is greater, more majestic in the plentitude of its power, having twenty times the flow of water; but it can not compare with these falls in the settings of canyon and forest, in the coloring of rock, water, sky—all so indescribably grand, gorgeous, and overpowering.—Ray Stannard Baker, A Place of Marvels—Yellowstone Park as It Now Is: Century Magazine, new ser., vol. 44, p. 488.

5. Christmas Tree Park, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

6. Giant Geyser in action, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

* * * Then with a terrible rushing and rumbling below, with a powerful effort and fearful heavings that caused the very earth to groan, and seemed sufficient to tear the solid walls of the crater into a thousand atoms, the giant came forth in the majesty of his mighty power. A volume of boiling water, the size of the nozzle of the crater, was projected to a great altitude, the action being repeated several times. Then for a moment all was quiet. Thinking it only a feint, we attempted to approach the orifice and make investigations, when we were met by an immense volume of steaming water, as if just from one of Hecate's caldrons, causing another disorderly retreat. It now commenced in earnest, and we surely witnessed one of the grandest displays of waterworks ever beheld by mortal eyes. The fountains of the great deep seemed literally to have been broken up and turned loose again upon our sinful world. A steady column of water, graceful, majestic, and vertical, except as swayed by the passing breezes, was by rapid and successive impulses impelled upward above the steam until reaching the marvellous height of more than 200 feet. At first it appeared to labor in raising the immense volume, which seemed loath to start on its heavenward tour, but now it was with perfect ease that the stupendous column was held to its place, the water breaking into jets and returning in glittering showers to the basin. The steam ascended in dense volumes for thousands of feet, when it was freighted upon the wings of the wind and borne away in clouds. The fearful rumble and confusion attending it were as the sound of distant artillery, the rushing of many horses to battle, or the roar of a fearful tornado. * * *

The waving to and fro of such a gigantic fountain when the column is at its highest, "Tinseled o'er in robes of varying hues," and glistening in the bright sunlight which adorns it with the glowing colors of many a gorgeous rainbow affords a spectacle so wonderful and grandly magnificent, so overwhelming to the mind, that the ablest attempt at description gives the reader who has never witnessed such a display but a feeble idea of its glory.—Edwin J. Stanley, Rambles in Wonderland, pp. 114–117.

7. Old Faithful Geyser in action, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

And so one mounts his horse with a cheerful sense of pleasures to come, and half a day later rides into the fuming valley of the Upper Geyser Basin, the greatest of all the centers of volcanic activity. As one emerges from the forest, Old Faithful is just in the act of throwing its splendid column of hot water a hundred and fifty feet in air, the wind blowing out the top in white spray, until the geyser resembles a huge, sparkling, graceful plume set in the earth. The geyser holds its height much longer than one expects; but presently it falls away, rallies often, throws up lesser jets, and finally sinks, hissing and rumbling, into its brown cone, leaving all the rocky earth about it glistening, smoking with hot water.—Ray Stannard Baker, A Place of Marvels—Yellowstone Park as It Now Is: Century Magazine, new ser., vol. 44, p. 485.

8. Mount Burley, Madison Canyon and River, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

9. Golden Gate, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

After a drive of 4 miles we reach what might be termed the entrance to the park—the Golden Gate. This is a rocky pass, through which a branch of the Gardiner River flows. The yellow wall on either side has given the pass its name.

The road here, one of the most difficult pieces of engineering, has cost the Government $14,000, although it is scarcely a mile in length. Our altitude at this point is 7,300 feet, and the scenes about us are so beautiful that with one accord we beg the driver to wait while we feast our eyes upon the wonderful pictures. On the slope of Bunsen Peak, which towers above the gate on one side, may be seen the Devils Slide, extending from the summit to the base. * * *

The scenes around us win constant exclamations of delight. Here is the lovely Rustic Falls, fed by ice and snow from the mountain top, gliding over the brilliantly colored rocks, with a graceful sweep from its height of 60 feet to lose itself in the rocky mass of the canyon below.—Charles M. Taylor, jr., Alaska and the Yellowstone, pp. 312–313.

10. Rapids Above the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone River, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

* * * Until within half a mile of the brink of the fall the river is peaceful and unbroken by a ripple. Suddenly, as if aware of impending danger, it becomes lashed into foam, circled with eddies, and soon leaps into fearful rapids. The rocky jaws confining it gradually converge as it approaches the edge of the fall, bending its course by their projections, and apparently crowding back the water, which struggles and leaps against their bases, warring with its bounds in the impatience of restraint, and madly leaping from its confines, a liquid emerald wreathed with foam, into the abyss beneath.—N. P. Langford, The Discovery of Yellowstone Park, p. 33.

11. Obsidian Cliff, Yellowstone National Park. Photograph by F. Jay Haynes; loaned by Oregon Short Line Railroad Co.

Presently a turn in the road revealed to us a dark-hued mountain rising almost perpendicularly from a lake. Marvelous to relate, the material of which this mountain is composed is jet-black glass, produced by volcanic fires. The very road on which we drove between this and the lake also consists of glass too hard to break beneath the wheels. The first explorers found this obsidian cliff almost impassable; but when they ascertained of what it was composed, they piled up timber at its base and set it on fire. When the glass was hot, they dashed upon the heated mass cold water, which broke it into fragments. Then with huge levers, picks, and shovels they pushed and pried the shining pieces down into the lake, and opened thus a wagon road a thousand feet in length.—John L. Stoddard, Lectures, vol. 10, p. 239.

12. Yellowstone Lake, Yellowstone National Park. Loaned by Northern Pacific Railway Co.

Yellowstone Lake, the largest sheet of water in America at so high an elevation, with its indented shore line and 140 square miles of surface dotted with forested islands, presents to lovers of nature a series of picturesque landscapes unequalled upon any other inland waters.—Arnold Hague, The Yellowstone National Park: Scribner's Magazine, vol. 35, p. 514.

13. Gardiner Station and Entrance Arch, Yellowstone National Park. Loaned by Northern Pacific Railway Co.

14. Hayden Valley, Yellowstone National Park. Loaned by Northern Pacific Railway Co.

15. Old Faithful Inn, Yellowstone National Park. Loaned by Northern Pacific Railway Co.

16. New Grand Canyon Hotel, Yellowstone National Park. Loaned by Northern Pacific Railway Co.

17. Lake McDonald, Glacier National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser; loaned by Great Northern Railway Co.

On the western slope of the mountain lies Lake McDonald, a body of water 12 miles long with an average width of a mile and a half. From the water's edge rise wonderfully wooded hills, silent with the silence of untrodden places, solemn with the solemnity of primeval beginnings, and above, beyond, soaring in white legions against the dark blue heavens are scarred and lance-sharp peaks, shimmering with eternal snow. The waters of the lake are clear and cold, for they are fed by numerous silver threads of streams and boisterous torrents that have a common origin in snow fields and glaciers. By reason of its purity, the rich variety of color in the surrounding shores, and the brilliant whiteness of the atmosphere, the lake is remarkable for its reflections and its exquisite hues. When the wind is at rest and the surface of the water is untroubled by a wave, perfect pictures of sky and cloud and peak show forth as in a mirror. Again, the waters flow in a flaming tokay-tide like wine fresh from the vintner's press, or purple and green with the tones of a deep-sea shell. When the sunset awakens in the mountains the passion of burnt-out fires and paints the drifting clouds and shadowy ravines with lilac mystery, then the lake is in the height of its grandeur; then the golden fleece of mist and an ephemeral haze cast over it an aureole of strange, unearthly glory—of religious calm.—Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, The Glacier Park: Overland Monthly, 2d ser., vol. 53, p. 496.

18. Two Medicine Lake, Glacier National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser; loaned by Great Northern Railway Co.

19. Lake St. Mary, Glacier National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser; loaned by Great Northern Railway Co.

The great St. Marys Lakes are also to eastward of the main range, and they are even more primeval in grandeur than the better-known Lake McDonald. Upon their shores are forests of blasted pines, where the wind shrills with a thousand tongues and the rocks cry back in ghostly chorus. This is the spirit land of the Blackfeet, and there are strange legends, phantom-like and evanescent as mist wreaths, concerning this haunted region of the great St. Marys which the Indians guard jealously.—Helen Fitzgerald Sanders, The Glacier Park: Overland Monthly, 2d ser., vol. 53, p. 500.

20. Fusilade Mountain, Glacier National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser; loaned by Great Northern Railway Co.

21. Gould Mountain, Glacier National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser; loaned by Great Northern Railway Co.

22. Iceberg Lake, Glacier National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser, loaned by Great Northern Railway Co.

North of Swift Current Pass, Iceberg Lake lies in a great twist of the range, the Wilber Mountain Glacier rising abruptly 1,000 feet or more from its shores. Here when the sun grows warm enormous icebergs break away from the parent pack and crash into the water of the lake. The wind drives the bergs hither and thither over the surface of the water, the grinding of berg against berg echoing down the canyons. The Indians avoid this vicinity, saying the weird noises are the wails of lost souls condemned for their crimes in life.—Alfred W. Greeley, Our Unknown Scenic Wonders: World's Work, vol. 16, p. 10249.

23. Trick Falls, Glacier National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser; loaned by Great Northern Railway Co.

24. Little Chief Mountain and St. Marys Creek, Glacier National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser; loaned by Great Northern Railway Co.

25. Spruce Tree House, Mesa Verde National Park. Photograph by Arthur Chapman; loaned by Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Co.

A ruined cliff dwelling, situated in the Mesa Verde National Park, about 25 miles from Mancos, Colo. Next to Cliff Palace, this ruin is the largest cliff house in Colorado. It occupies a great natural cave in the east wall of Spruce Tree Canyon, a branch of Navaho Canyon, and receives its name from a large spruce tree that formerly stood near by. The curved front wall of the structure measures 218 feet long; the breadth of the ruin is 89 feet, and its longest axis is about north and south. This ruin has 114 secular rooms, 8 subterranean kivas, and a roofless kiva, sometimes called a warriors' room. Many of the dwelling chambers are 3 stories high, several filling the interval from the floor to the roof of the cave. It is estimated that the population of Spruce Tree House was 350. The period of occupancy and the causes of depopulation are unknown, but there is no doubt that the buildings are prehistoric.—Handbook of American Indians: Bulletin 30, Bureau of American Ethnology, vol. 1, p. 627.

26. Balcony House, Mesa Verde National Park. Photograph by Arthur Chapman; loaned by Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Co.

A cliff house, comprising about 25 rooms, situated in Rim Canyon, Mesa Verde National Park. It derives its name from a shelf or balcony which extends along the front of two of the houses resting on the projecting floor beams.—Handbook of American Indians: Bulletin 30, Bureau of American Ethnology, vol. 1, p. 127.

27. Cliff Palace, Mesa Verde National Park. Photograph by Arthur Chapman; loaned by Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Co.

Cliff Palace consists of a group of houses, all connecting and opening one into another, the whole forming a crescent about 100 yards from end to end. It contains ruins of 146 rooms, some of which are on a secondary ledge.—Handbook of American Indians: Bulletin 30, Bureau of American Ethnology, vol. 1, p. 309.

28. Augusta Natural Bridge, Natural Bridges National Monument, Utah. Photograph by Charles Goodman; loaned by Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Co.

Remounting their horses, Long and Scorup passed under the mighty mass of the Caroline and pushed on up the canyon. At a distance of 3½ miles they

found themselves in the presence of what is doubtless the most wonderful natural bridge in the world—a structure so lofty and magnificent, so symmetrical and beautiful in its proportions, as to suggest that nature, after completing the mighty structure of the Caroline, had trained herself for a finer and nobler form of architecture. Here, across a canyon measuring 335 feet 7 inches from wall to wall, she has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone, 60 feet thick in the central part and 40 feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening 357 feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure 15 or 20 feet on each side, and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of the bridge. A large rounded butte at the edge of the canyon wall seems partly to obstruct the approach to the bridge at one end.

* * * The majestic proportions of this bridge may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus, its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are 118 feet farther apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia, known as Cabin John Bridge, a few miles from Washington City, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would overspan the Capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by 51 feet. And if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras Grove of giant sequoia in California stood in the bottom of the canyon its topmost bough would lack 32 feet of reaching the underside of the arch.—W. W. Dyar, The Colossal Bridges of Utah: Century Magazine, new ser., vol. 46, p. 510.

29. Caroline Natural Bridge, Natural Bridges National Monument, Utah. Photograph by Charles Goodman; loaned by Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Co.

This bridge * * * measures 208 feet 6 inches from buttress to buttress across the bottom of the canyon. From the surface of the water to the center of the arch above is a sheer height of 197 feet, and over the arch at its highest point the solid mass of sandstone rises 125 feet farther to the level floor of the bridge. A traveler crossing the canyon by this titanic masonry would thus pass 322 feet above the bed of the stream. The floor of the bridge is 127 feet wide, so that an army could march over it in columns of companies, and still leave room at the side for a continuous stream of artillery and baggage wagons.—W. W. Dyar, The Colossal Bridges of Utah: Century Magazine, new ser., vol. 46, p. 509.

30. Edwin Natural Bridge, Natural Bridges National Monument, Utah. Photograph by Charles Goodman; loaned by Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Co.

Its dimensions, however, are small only as compared with the gigantic proportions of the Caroline and the Augusta; for it has a span of 211 feet 4 inches, and the under side of the arch is 142 feet above the bottom of the canyon. The crown of the arch is 18 feet 8 inches thick and the surface or roadway 33 feet 5 inches wide. The slenderness of this aerial pathway, and the fact that the canyon here opens out into a sloping valley beyond, rendered it possible for the camera to give a proper impression of loftiness. Indeed, judging from the photographs alone, one might suppose this to be the highest of the three bridges, whereas in fact it has but little more than one-third the altitude of the wonderful Augusta arch.—W. W. Dyar, The Colossal Bridges of Utah: Century Magazine, new ser., vol. 46, p. 511.

31. Hetch Hetchy. Valley from Eleanor Trail, Yosemite National Park. Photograph by H. W. Gleason; loaned by Sierra Club.

Looking up the valley toward the east. Kolana Rock on the right, North Dome on the left, Rancheria Mountain in the distance, with a portion of the cleft of the Tuolumne Canyon on the right behind Kolana Rock. Tuolumne River is seen in the center of the view.

32. Upper Meadow, Hetch Hetchy Valley, Yosemite National Park. Photograph by H. W. Gleason; loaned by Sierra Club.

A view seen upon reaching the floor of the valley when approaching it from the east along the Rancheria Trail. Kolana Rock is on the left, the Tueeulala Fall in the distance. The trees are chiefly yellow pines and incense cedars.

33. Along the Tuolumne River, Yosemite National Park. Photograph by H. W. Gleason; loaned by Sierra Club.

A typical glimpse of the river scenery in Hetch Hetchy Valley, taken from the south bank about 1 mile below the bridge. The foot of Wapama Fall is seen on the right and Tueeulala Fall in the distance.

34. Hetch Hetchy Falls, Yosemite National Park. Photograph by H. W. Gleason; loaned by Sierra Club.

From a point about midway in the valley looking toward the north wall. The prominent cliff is called the Hetch Hetchy El Capitan. To the right is the Wapama Fall, with a decent of 2,000 feet. To the left is the Tueeulala Fall, much diminished in volume from what it is early in the season.

35. North Dome, Hetch Hetchy Valley, Yosemite National Park. Photograph by H. W. Gleason; loaned by Sierra Club.

A steep cliff forming a portion of the north wall of the valley, its summit being 2,640 feet above the floor of the valley, or 6,300 feet above the sea level.

36. Kolana Rock, Hetch Hetchy Valley, Yosemite National Park. Photograph by H. W. Gleason; loaned by Sierra Club.

Standing boldly out into the valley, from the southern wall, is the rock Ko-la-na—seeming still to bid defiance to the mighty glacier that once flowed grindingly over and around it. Tall pines and spruces feather its base, and a few tough, storm-loving ones have made out to climb upon its head. It is the most independent and most picturesque rock in the valley, forming the outermost of a group corresponding in every way with the Cathedral Rocks of Yosemite. On the authority of the State geological survey, it is 2,270 feet in height.—John Muir, Hetch Hetchy Valley: Overland Monthly, vol. 11, p. 45.

37. Kolana Rock, Hetch Hetchy Valley, Yosemite National Park. Photograph by H. W. Gleason; loaned by Sierra Club.

Taken from a point across the river about a mile from the base, showing its remarkable sugar-loaf character. Also indicating the luxuriant forest growth of the valley.

38. Yosemite Valley from Artists' Point, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

39. The Sentinel, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

40. Mirror Lake, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

41. Half Dome, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

42. El Capitan, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

Upon our left stands El Capitan, the great chief of the valley, the field marshal of the granite crags about us, that stupendous specimen of natural masonry, a huge perpendicular granite rock, 3,300 feet in height, with its sides bare and bleak, no marks or lines of stratification, no crack in the huge mass, no crevice where any living thing can grow, nothing save a spot upon its side 2,500 feet from its base where stands a huge flourishing pine, its only ornament. As we approach nearer to this magnificent battlement of polished granite we can begin to realize its height of three-fifths of a mile, and as we look up toward its cloud-crowned summit there comes a sense of fear that it might fall and overwhelm us.—Samuel Douglass Dodge, A day in the Yosemite with a kodak: New England Magazine, new ser., vol. 3, p. 463.

43. View from Glacier Point, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

From this Glacier Point, which to me is the grandest view in the valley and consequently on earth, you for the first time really arise to the sublimity of Yosemite. Here in the very heart of the Sierras, 70 miles from the fertile plains of the San Joaquin and 7,200 feet above the level of the sea, opens out a valley whose sheer sides rest upon the floor of a meadow, which is itself 4,000 feet above sea level, and rise from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the olive green waters of the Merced. Directly across, forming the opposite wall is the Half Dome, rising straight up nearly 9,000 feet in the air, one side bearing downward in strong, rounded lines, the other cut away from the middle, straight and sheer, as you might slice a loaf of baker's bread from end to end. On its oval top is a plateau of 15 acres and a few great pines that look like pins stuck in a cushion. The great Cap of Liberty, a name it fully justifies, a mass of granite, seems petty in its shadow, and yet it is nearly 1,000 feet higher than Mount Washington. Back of it and above it towers Cloud's Rest, almost 10,000 feet in height, yet easily reached by the summer visitor on the sure-footed mountain horses. From between the Half Dome and the tremendous precipitous ledges on the right which are capped by Lyell and Dana in the far distance, and Starr King, Florence, and Clark in the nearer foreground, break forth two falls one above the other.—Rounsevelle Wildman, Yosemite and the Big Trees: Overland Monthly, 2d ser., vol. 28, p. 201.

44. Vernal Falls, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

* * * Then follow a mile and a half of turbulent, churning waters which finally lose their frothiness and disappear over a perpendicular rock 400 feet in height and 300 feet in width, forming Vernal Fall, a stately sheet of greenish water which drops into a chasm of bowlders where countless rainbows dance so long as the chasm is filled with sunshine. Such processions of rainbows can be seen nowhere else in any land—not even those of the Bridal Veil being so numerous. Besides, there is much less play of sunshine at the latter fall, while at the Vernal the myriads of rainbows polka and waltz and play and go off in many directions in exquisite entanglements.—Ben C. Truman, Falls of the Yosemite: Sunset Magazine, vol. 21, p. 118.

45. Mariposa Big Tree Grove, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

I had always imagined that the big trees were a grove by themselves in a nice little level valley; but instead of that they are mixed in with yellow pines and sugar pines and grow near the steep top of a 6,000-foot mountain. It is well in a way that they are mixed in with other trees. If they were not you could hardly appreciate their size. The road to the grove winds through the finest and biggest timber you have ever seen; the roundest, the straightest, the tallest, and the most symmetrical. But all of a sudden those gigantic pines lose their significance, and shouldering among them appears a very demon of a vegetable, saffron of hue, the fluting of its bark the size of saplings, square upon its feet, imperturbable and vast. There is no mistaking him. A bear ascending him would look like a squirrel ascending one of the other trees.—Gouverneur Morris, Into the Serene Valley: Outing, vol. 47, p. 599.

46. Vermont and Wawona, Mariposa Grove, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

47. Forest Queen, Mariposa Grove, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

48. Grizzly Giant, Mariposa Grove, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

We halted at the base of the Grizzly Giant, which well deserves its name, for it measures 93 feet in circumference and looks so battered and weatherworn that it probably is about the most venerable tree in the forest. It is one of the most picturesque sequoias I have seen, just because it has broken through all the rules of symmetry so rigidly observed by its well-conditioned, well-grown brethren, and instead of being a vast cinnamon-colored column, with small boughs near the summit, it has taken a line of its own and thrown out several great branches each about 6 feet in diameter—in other words, about as large as a fine old English beech tree.—C. F. Gordon Cumming, Granite Crags, p. 81.

49. Fallen Monarch, Mariposa Grove, Yosemite National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

50. Giant Forest, Sequoia National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

Perhaps the most insistent note, besides that of mere size and dignity, is of absolute stillness. These trees do not sway to the wind, their trunks are constructed to stand solid. Their branches do not bend and murmur, for they, too, are rigid in fiber. Their fine thread-like needles may catch the breeze's whisper, may draw together and apart for the exchange of confidences as do the leaves of other trees; but if so, you and I are too far below to distinguish it. All about, the other forest growths may be rustling and bowing and singing with the voices of the air; the sequoia stands in the hush of an absolute calm. It is as though he dreamed, too wrapt in still great thoughts of his youth, when the earth itself was young, to share the worldlier joys of his neighbor, to be aware of them, even himself to breathe deeply. You feel in the presence of these trees as you would feel in the presence of a kindly and benignant sage, too occupied with larger things to enter fully into your little affairs, but well disposed in the wisdom of clear spiritual insight.—Stewart Edward White, The Mountains, p. 229.

51. Parker Group, Sequoia National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

52. General Sherman Tree, Sequoia National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

53. General Grant Tree, General Grant National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

54. Iowa and Washington Trees, General Grant National Park. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

55. Fern Bank, Muir Woods National Monument. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

56. Forest, Muir Woods National Monument. Loaned by Southern Pacific Co.

57. Crater Lake from the Summit of Scott Peak, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

The lake? The Sea of Silence? Ah, yes, I had forgotten—so much else; besides, I should like to let it alone, say nothing. It took such hold of my heart, so unlike Yosemite, Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, when first seen, that I love it almost like one of my own family. But fancy a sea of sapphire set around by a compact circle of the great grizzly rock of Yosemite. It does not seem so sublime at first, but the mote is in your own eye. It is great, great, but it takes you days to see how great. It lies 2,000 feet under your feet, and as it reflects its walls so perfectly that you can not tell the wall from the reflection in the intensely blue water, you have a continuous and unbroken circular wall of 24 miles to contemplate at a glance, all of which lies 2,000 feet, and seems to lie 4,000 feet below. Yet so bright, yet so intensely blue is the lake that it seems at times, from some points of view, to lift right in your face.—Joaquin Miller, The Sea of Silence: Sunset Magazine, vol. 13, p. 401.

58. Looking Northeast from The Watchman, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

59. Dutton Cliff, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

60. Wocus Pinnacle on Garfield Peak, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

61. Wizard Island from near Victor Rock, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

* * * Arriving at the crest, the lake in all its majestic beauty comes suddenly upon the scene, and is profoundly impressive. Descending the wooded slope a short distance within the rim to Victor Rock, an excellent general view of the lake is obtained. The eye beholds 20 miles of unbroken cliffs ranging from over 500 to nearly 2,000 feet in height, encircling a deep blue sheet of placid water, in which the mirrored walls vie with the originals in brilliancy and greatly enhance the depth of the prospect.

The first point to fix our fascinated gaze is Wizard Island, lying nearly 2 miles away, near the western margin of the lake. Its rugged western edge and the steep but symmetrical truncated cone in the eastern portion are very suggestive of volcanic origin.—J. S. Diller, Crater Lake, Oregon: National Geographic Magazine, vol. 8, p. 37.

62. Wizard Island from one of the rim canyons, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

63. Looking northwest from near Victor Rock, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser

64. Looking southeast from The Watchman, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

65. Looking southeast from summit of Wizard Island, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

66. Phantom Ship from Garfield Peak, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

* * * At the foot of Dutton Cliff, about 50 yards from the shore, there is to be seen one of the most striking features about the lake. It is a solitary rock, with sharp, pinnacled top, about 100 feet high, and twice as long and broad. It suggests to the imagination a ship riding at anchor; and its shape, together with the fact that, when viewed from the opposite side of the lake, against the background of Dutton Cliff, it alternately disappears and becomes visible again, according as it is in sunlight or in shadow, has caused it to bear the name of Phantom Ship.—Earl Morse Wilbur, Description of Crater Lake: Mazama, vol. 1, p. 147.

67. Scott Peak from near Victor Rock, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

68. View from Llao Rock, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

69. Shore line of Crater Lake, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

70. Looking north from summit of Garfield Peak, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

71. Looking northwest from Dutton Cliff, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

72. Looking north from near the Wineglass, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

73. Looking south from near Llao Rock, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

74. Portion of the rim of Crater Lake, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

75. Looking out of one of the caves on rim of Crater Lake, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

76. Rim of Crater Lake as seen from near Llao Rock, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

77. Looking east from slope of Garfield Peak, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

78. Looking down one of the rim canyons, Crater Lake National Park. Photograph by F. H. Kiser.

79. Mount Rainier from near Ricksecker Point, Mount Rainier National Park. Photograph by Asahel Curtis. Loaned by the Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway Co.

* * * If in the making of the West, Nature had what we call parks in mind—places for rest, inspiration, and prayers—this Rainier region must surely be one of them. In the center of it there is a lonely mountain capped with ice; from the ice cap glaciers radiate in every direction, and young rivers from the glaciers; while its flanks, sweeping down in beautiful curves, are clad with forests and gardens, and filled with birds and animals. Specimens of the best of Nature's treasures have been lovingly gathered here and arranged in simple symmetrical beauty within regular bounds.—John Muir, Our National Parks, p. 30.

80. Mount Rainier from Kautz Fork, Mount Rainier National Park. Photograph by Asahel Curtis. Loaned by Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway Co.

81. Paradise Valley and Mount Rainier, Mount Rainier National Park. Photograph by Asahel Curtis. Loaned by Chicago, Milwaukee and Puget Sound Railway Co.

What we witnessed early the next morning and during all that day must be seen to be fully appreciated, for no description is adequate to convey anything like the reality to the mind of the reader. I can merely suggest the faintest outlines of the pictures. Our camp [at Paradise Valley], as I have already stated, was situated on an immense shoulder of Rainier—a beautiful grassy slope, diversified by miniature streams and ridges, carpeted with a perfect wealth of flowers (in places the ground was literally whitened with immense masses of the exquisite mountain lily), and rising from the ridges in picturesque groups were the dark green spires of fir and hemlock. But towering above all this, and showing through the clouds as if it were a vision of Paradise, was the majestic form of Rainier. As the sun shone on its snow-clad sides, they glistened with a pearly whiteness. One moment it would be enveloped in shrouds of fleeting mist, through which we caught tantalizing glimpses, and the next, as if a curtain were drawn, it would fill one whole side of the sky outlined in bold relief against the deep blue. Never was there an approach to and first sight of a mountain more effective and dramatic.—W. E. Colby, The Sierra Club on Mount Rainier: Mazama, vol. 2, p. 213.

82. Mount Rainier, Gap Point Road, and Paradise Valley, Mount Rainier National Park. Photograph by Asahel Curtis. Loaned by Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway Co.

83. Road in Mount Rainier National Park. Photograph by Asahel Curtis. Loaned by Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway Co.

Persons desiring to be placed on mailing list to receive information regarding the national parks are requested to fill out the blank on page 15.

A list of national parks is given on page 14.

Location, area, and characteristics of national parks.

Name.	Location.	When established.	Area (acres).	Private lands (acres).	Visitors, 1911.	Special characteristics.
Yellowstone	Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho.	Mar. 1, 1872	2,142,720	None.	23,054	Wonderful scenery, geysers, boiling springs, mud volcanoes and springs, mountains, grand waterfalls, brilliant-hued canyons, great lake 8,000 feet above the level of the sea; wild animals.
Yosemite	California	Oct. 1, 1890	719,622	19,827	12,530	Mountain scenery, magnificent waterfalls, the Hetch Hetchy and Yosemite Valley, ice-sculptured canyons, glacier lakes, forests.
Sequoia	do	Sept. 25, 1890	161,597	3,716.96	3,114	The home of the "Big Tree" (Sequoia gigantea), growing to a height of 300 feet with a diameter of 30 feet, the bark being 2 feet thick; rugged and picturesque scenery, beautiful cascades and falls, and wonderful caves.
General Grant	do	Oct. 1, 1890	2,536	160	2,160	
Mount Rainier	Washington	Mar. 2, 1899	207,360	18.2	10,306	Glaciers and wild mountain scenery.
Crater Lake	Oregon	May 22, 1902	159,360	2,458.11	4,500	Rugged mountain scenery, beautiful lake within the crater of an extinct volcano, etc.
Wind Cave	South Dakota	Jan. 9, 1903	10,522	160	3,887	Well known for a cavern having many miles of galleries and numerous chambers of considerable size containing many peculiar formations.
Platt	Oklahoma	July 1, 1902 Apr. 21, 1904	848.22	None.	30,000	Noted for its bromide and other springs, the waters of which have medicinal qualities; park well wooded, scenery picturesque.
Mesa Verde	Colorado	June 29, 1906	42,376	880	206	Set aside to preserve the prehistoric ruins of an ancient people; rugged scenery.
5-mile strip for protection of ruins.	do	do	175,360			
Hot Springs Reservation	Arkansas	June 16, 1880	911.63	None.	130,000	Famous for its thermal springs, having wonderful medicinal qualities.
Glacier	Montana	May 11, 1910	981,681	16,668.11	[1] 4,000	Famed for its beautiful lakes derived from glaciers, lofty mountains clad with forests, magnificent glacial formations, numberless waterfalls. Game, fish, and birds abound.
Sullys Hill	North Dakota	Apr. 27, 1904	780	None.	[1] 200	Small rugged hills containing prehistoric ruins. Practically a local park.
Casa Grande Ruins	Arizona	Mar. 2, 1889	480	None.	[1] 450	These ruins are one of the most noteworthy relics of a prehistoric age and people within the limits of the United States. Discovered in ruinous condition in 1694.

[1] Estimated.

The SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, D. C.

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